

A  
 REVIEW  
 OF THE  
 STATE  
 OF THE  
 BRITISH NATION.

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Saturday, November 1. 1707.

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**D**irecting the late *Reviews* to the Members of this present Parliament, I have been telling their Honours, some of the many Attempts, they are to expect will be made upon them this Session, in order, if possible, to embroil them, and drive them into Heats, divide their Counsels from them into Parties, and by Consequence put them all into Confusion.

And now to speak in the first Person, I must go on a little farther, in foretelling what you are to expect, and I shall frankly refer it to the Consequences to prove me a true Prophet.

1. You are to expect long Remonstrances of Mismanagements abroad and at home; some perhaps will be forward to complain, that ought rather to be complain'd of; and some will be complain'd of, who ought ra-

ther to be Complainers.—In this, leaving it wholly to the Wisdom of the House, I shall only presume to say one thing, O that we could have Justice done in every Complaint, without making it a Party-Quarrel!—That every Cause might be impartially heard, without forming Sides upon it—I know no greater Happiness to the Affairs of this Nation, than the equal Distribution of Justice; and nothing makes it hard to have a thing fairly decided, but when 'tis thus embarras'd. In former Times this has been our Case, once let a Hearing be a *Party-Cause*; no Good after that was to be expected, when the Merits of the Case came to be discuss'd with never so much Nicety; when Arguments were brought on both sides, when in all Appearance 'twas plain, who had the Right, ask a Gentleman, that had perhaps

a Share in the Decision, what his Opinion was, he'll tell you frankly— I believe, such a Man has hard Measure, but 'tis a *Party-Cause*—Indeed he seems to have the Right on his side, but 'tis a *Party-Cause*—Indeed I had resolv'd to be for him, but I see, 'tis a *Party-Cause*. Another, when he is spoke to in Favour of a Man— Really I am sorry, I can't serve him, but it is a *Party-Cause*— Again, I don't care to appear in it, for 'tis a *Party-Cause*. Another advis'd with, about bringing a Cause into Debate, I would not advise you to bring it on, for it will be a *Party-Cause*, and I cannot serve you in it— 'Tis hard to say that this creep'd into our publick Justice— But that it openly appear'd in almost all our depending Cases, is too plain, and no doubt Endeavours will be us'd to bring this into even Parliamentary Debates at this Time.

But could Complaints in Parliament be carry'd on clear of Parties; could the impartial, swift Course of Parliamentary Justice be reviv'd in this Session, it would not only be the peculiar Honour of this Parliament, but it would be the general Honour, Satisfaction and Blessing of this Age.

What a sad Scene of Partiality and Injustice has this one Mischief spread on the Stage of the World! Let us but look back to all our Affairs, how has standing Armies and national Nakedness been discuss'd, and alternately introduc'd; how *New* and *Old East-India* Companies been alternately rais'd and depress'd, set up and pull'd down; how Briberies and Corruptions alternately punish'd and conniv'd at; how Partition-Treaty, Protestant Succession, National Union, and all the great and most weighty Affairs of the State just rais'd and fasten, applauded and condemn'd, defeated and compleated, and all as the Interests of Parties grew stronger or weaker; just as the *Israelites* fighting with *Ammon*, when the Hands of *Moses* were lifted up or hung down, this or that Party prevail'd.

Poor *Britain*! How hast thou been harrass'd, Priest-ridden, and Fool-ridden, till being quite jaded, and grown desperate, Nature taught thee to kick against Oppression, and throw off the Oppressors; and having obtain'd Liberty and the free Conduct of thy self, now thou art to be Party-

ridden, which in its Effect is worse than all of them.

But this melancholy Subject runs me too far; I return therefore to what we are to expect in this Parliament, and I think, these Complaints of Affairs abroad will be of the first— I doubt not, but you will have some Gentlemen rivalling one another, and bringing Counter-Accusations against one another in their Behaviour before you; some of which may be true on both sides, some frivolous and malicious on both sides, and thus the Knaves falling out, honest *Britannia* may learn to know her Friends from her Foes. O that such an Hour was at Hand! For never was Nation so buffoon'd as we are, between those that serve us well, and think none do so but themselves, and those that neither serve well, nor desire any body else should do so.

'Tis from this Parliament the World expects to have Knaves detected, Fools abandoned, and honest Men acknowledg'd; a Time, which if it happens, this shall be call'd indeed the *Golden Age*, Justice shall return again, Honour shall revive, Plenty shall flow, and Peace follow.

But what Peace, while Parties struggle, and the State divided, fluctuates with the unhappy Alternatives of *Whigg* and *Tory*, *High* and *Low Church-men*, Moderation and Mad-men, it cannot be; to talk of Peace or of Prosperity, is to build Forts in the upper Regions, and planting Colonies in the Moon.

It is therefore without all doubt the present Interest and Happiness of *Britain* to suppress all Parties, if possible— But especially such Parties as oppose the Settlement of of this Island's Peace, that oppose National Liberty, or National Union, National Peace, on which consists our National Prosperity: But above all, it is the essential Part of our present Happiness, that Party-making, it self be suppress'd, and Party-acting; that the great Points, the Capital Articles of the Nations Existence should not be prostituted to this fatal and pernicious Art: But that all might be of one Party, however not of one Opinion, and all our Actions be directed to the vigorous Prosecution and Preservation of the Nations great Essentials, TRUTH and LIBERTY.

MISCEL-



## MISCELLANEA.

**W**ANT of Faith and Fore-sight is the National Sin of this Island in Politics; and who am I, that I should see, that was born blind, when you are all blind that were born with Eyes in your Heads? And what now! where lies our Ignorance, says one, that you are so much wiser than we; you are a wise Fellow indeed, that can't keep your self out of a Broil, go make your Breach up with the *Swedish* Envoy, and then tell your Neighbours how to see—Where lies our Ignorance and your Knowledge?

Why truly, Gentlemen, your Reflection is just; that I am a Fool to be too free with Truths, that Men more cautious fear to speak; but here lies the Difference, your Ignorance lies in your Will, not in your Sight; and mine lies in my Sight, not in my Will.

But to come to the Point, I have a Right to insult the Town a little, in Revenge for the Turn they took with me, and always do take with me, when I happen to say things, which they judge incredible, and they after come to pass. O how did ye use me, you wise Men of the Times, when I told you, I was afraid *Thoulon* would not be taken, when I told you, the *French* would certainly fight and defend it to the last Extremity, I was then to be hang'd for a *French* Man, and now I am to be burnt for a Witch? —

Well, when the Siege was rais'd, and Prince *Eugene* gone, the Fleet sail'd, the Army retreating, the *French* at their Heels.—What then! O nothing but Despondency, Discouragements! Enquiring who advis'd to the Siege, finding Fault with the Management, if they knew how, and then we are all undone, and ruin'd, and nothing could comfort them—The *Review*, like a senseless Blockhead, talk'd of the *German* Army, that they were whole and unbroken, and would show their Faces again, and give the *French* a Turn yet there; but no body but him could talk so foolishly, when the *Germans* were every where running away, and the *French* following them.

And now, Gentlemen, here is a second Proof, I am not to be run down, neither with your *Fire* nor your *Pblegm*. This routed *German* Army, these flying Troops, whom with all their Insults, and all the Superiority of the *French*, and all their Losses at the Siege—The *French* durst not attack in their Retreat, where are they fled—Behold them upon the Offensive already, and pushing into *France* again;—nay, tho' all their Sick and Wounded were sent on Board the Fleet, tho' 6000 Men were sent to *Catalonia*, as they say; *Swiss* is no more, that half their Army was lost, as the *French* reported, and as our People said, they could not come in to the Field again on that side.

Well now, and what if we see Prince *Eugene* take *Sass*, and the Duke of *Savoy* take *Perouse*; will you think they are acting offensively or no? Will you believe they lost half their Army at *Thoulon*? Will you think they run away in such a lamentable Pickle as was suggested? Here, now is what I charge this Age with; they look at the Things immediately in their View, without consulting Circumstances—or Consequences.

And now, Gentlemen, cast up, with your Friends the *French*, the Affair of *Thoulon*; I tell you, his most Christian Majesty shall baulk the *Germans* so once a Year, if he pleases, as long as the War lasts, and he will find the Price of such Victories too dear for him: 'Tis true, he has had the Advantage in other Places, but I am bold to say, the King of *France* will give you all the Advantage Monsieur *Villars* made in *Germany*, all the Contributions, all the Lines of *Stolhoffen*, and all the *Et Cetera's* of that Affair, to repair his Damages at *Thoulon*, and the Appendices of it.

It has been a Victory to them that they have sav'd the Place, and it has been a Disappointment to us, that we did not get what we came for; but as I said before—All our Loss consists in the Negative put upon our Hopes, we have only lost what we never had got, and the rest of the Expence has been as well bestow'd, as any Part of  
our



our Summers Campaign: And after all, I say still, and the Consequence will make it good, we are Aggressors there still, we are Masters of the Field, and the *French* with all their Victory will not come down into the Field; and offer Battle to the Confederates; if they should; I am very confident, it would be accepted, and for the Issue that must be left to Providence.

*O Naples, Naples!* If the Imperialists had been superiour now, what had they been, if that Expedition had not been undertaken—That unfortunate Success, for I can call it no better, what has it cost us in the rest of the Confederate Affairs—They talk of Complaints against this Paper, I know not yet by who—Do they expect any Man here can say, that the Expedition to *Naples* was a Concert to the Advantage of the Confederacy; did not our publick Papers say, the Confederates remonstrated against it before it was done, and do we not see, they have wanted the Hands employ'd in it, now it is done? They may call Evil Good, and Good Evil, who fear the Fury of Men and the Rage of Parties; I am not the Man, and tho' it might be something to my Advantage, at least as to Safety, yet hitherto I have not learnt the Art—It is my Opinion, the Expedition to *Naples* has been the Ruin of the Affair of *Thoulon*—And I must be of that Opinion, till I see some better Reasons to convince me, than I have seen yet.

However, we see the Imperialists in the Field again, we see them attacking the *French* again, and we see the *French* still upon the *Defensive*; and where now are all our phlegmatick People, who were so out of their Wits with the Fright of the Affairs at *Thoulon*, when all things are restored again on that side, and the *French* kept within their Fastnesses on the Mountains, to defend the Passes into *France*? Then I hope, you will recover a little from the Fright, and believe what has been said, that the *German*s are yet superiour, and may in a little Time bid fair for an Equivalent for *Thoulon*.

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